

IS
The BARKER
stumped by
Big ED GREW?

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Is
The BARKER
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TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
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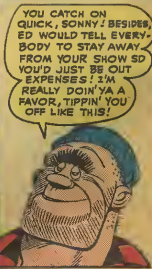
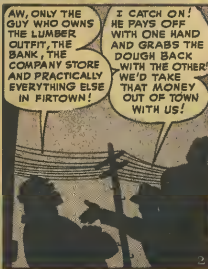
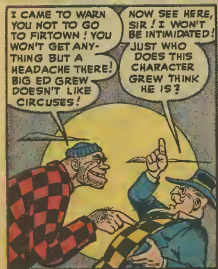
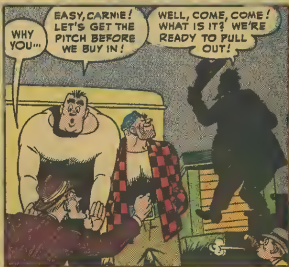
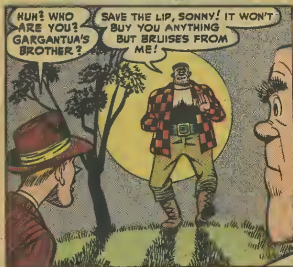
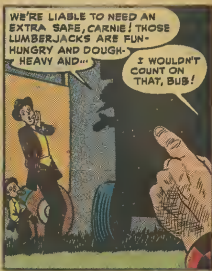
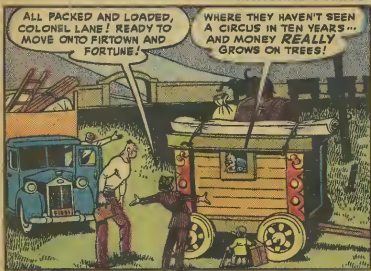
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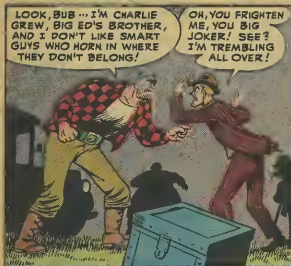
The BARKER

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU FOLKS? WON'T
ANY OF YOU SPEND TEN
CENTS TO SEE ALL THE
WONDERS OF THE
WORLD?

In spite of threat, Carnie
Colonel, The **BARKER**, persuaded
Colonel Lane to take his **MAMMOTH
CIRCUS** to Firtown! "I'd like to see any-
body keep people away," Carnie said, "when
they've got the dough and wanna see a
circus!" SO Big Ed Grew, who
owned the town, set out to show him!

By
Klaus Nordling





YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANTAGONIZED HIM, CARNIE!

HA! YOU MEAN **HE** SHOULDN'T HAVE ANTAGONIZED CARNIE! WHAT A SOCK!

RELAX, COLONEL! IF HE'S A SAMPLE OF THE TROUBLE AHEAD, I'LL GUARANTEE PEACE AND PLENTY FOR US ALL BY MYSELF!

OKAY, FIRE-EATER! CLIMB ABOARD AND LET'S GO!

I DON'T GET IT, CARNIE! IF GREW DIDN'T WANT US IN FIRTOWN, WHY ACCEPT BOOKING AND SELL US A LICENSE?

FOR THE \$300 YOU'D FORFEIT BY NOT SHOWING UP! HE ISN'T ABOVE PETTY LARCENY, IT SEEMS!

WE'LL HAVE TO BE ALERT FOR TRICKS AND TROUBLE, OF COURSE, BUT I THINK WE CAN HANDLE HIS STRONG-ARM BOYS IN OUR OWN WAY!

I HOPE SO, CARNIE! FRANKLY, I'M GOING TO FIRTOWN AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT!

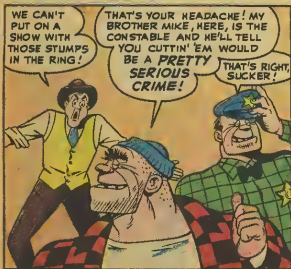
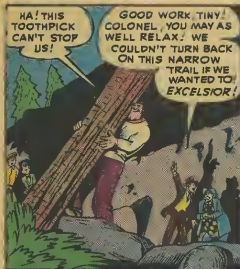
WHAT TH...?

WHAT'S UP, ART? WHY THE SUDDEN STOP?

LOOK AT THE TREE BLOCKING THE ROAD! THE WIND MUST HAVE KNOCKED IT DOWN!

NOT UNLESS THE WIND CARRIED AN AXE! THIS TREE WAS CHOPPED... AND RECENTLY, BY THE LOOKS OF THAT SAP OOOZING OUT!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BUCKED GREW!



A few minutes later...

GO AHEAD AND LOOK, CHUMP!
YOU'LL FIND THE LAW ABOUT
AXES RIGHT THERE! MY
BROTHER PETE, HERE'S,
THE CITY CLERK!

YUP! I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT!
WELL, YOU
CAN'T BLAME
ME FOR TRYING!

CITY CLERK



BREAK OUT BERTHA AND BESS,
GANG! I MEMORIZED THE CITY
ORDINANCES SO WE WON'T GET
CAUGHT AGAIN!

I LOOKED IT UP, BOYS... AND THERE'S
NO ORDINANCE AGAINST USING
ELEPHANTS TO PULL
STUMPS INSIDE THE
CITY LIMITS!



CHUNK!!!
WE GOTTA
GO SEE
BIG ED!

THOSE CHUNK!!!
SMART ALECKS
HAVE TOPPED US
AGAIN, BIG ED!
WE'VE GOT TO
START GETTING
TOUGH!

BUT WE CAN'T START
A ROUGH-HOUSE! THOSE
LUMBERJACKS ARE SO
HUNGRY FOR A CIRCUS
THEY'D SIDE WITH THEM
AGAINST US!



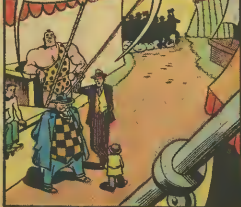
I'VE GOT IT! GET
THE CREW TOGETHER,
CHARLIE! WE'RE
GONNA START
LOGGING OFF
THE WEST FORTY
AT NOON!

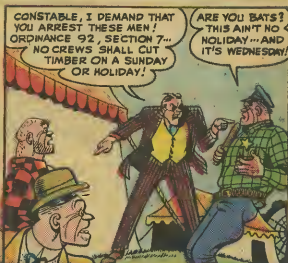
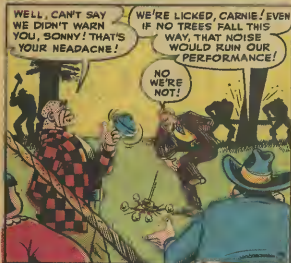
ED,
YOU'VE
HIT IT!
LET'S SEE
THOSE
SMART APPLES
SQUIRM OUT
OF THIS
DEAL! HA,
HA, HA!

I DON'T LIKE IT,
CARNIE! THINGS
ARE TOO QUIET,
TOO GOOD!
THOSE CROOKS
ARE UP TO
SOMETHING!

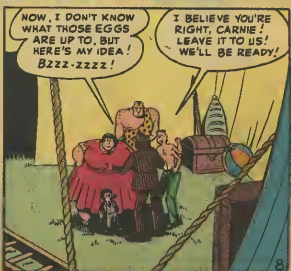
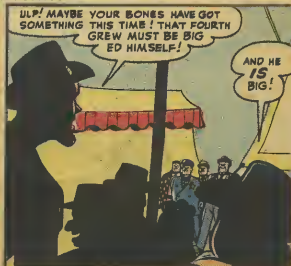
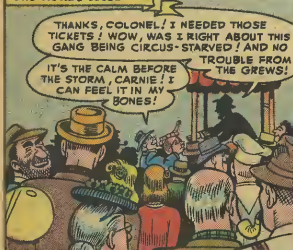
UNLESS IT'S A LOT
BETTER THAN
THEY'VE TRIED
BEFORE, THEY'RE
WASTING THEIR
TIME!

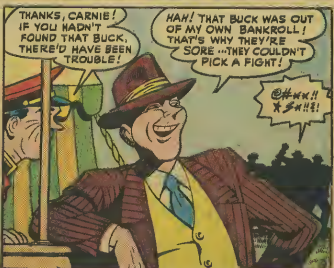
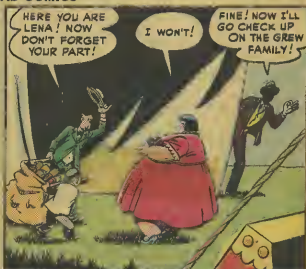
EEOOW!
L-LOOK!

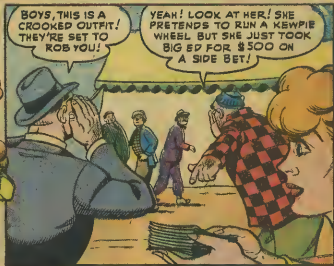
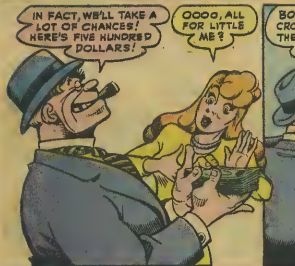


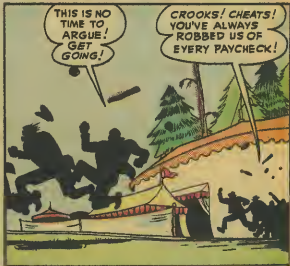
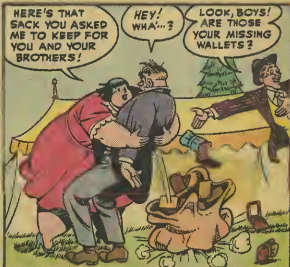
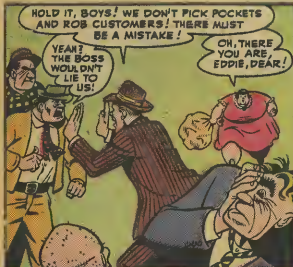


two hours later....









SALLY O'NEIL



It was as simple as A-B-C!
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman,
witnessed a robbery on a
yacht! She watched the
fleeing pirates overhauled
by the Harbor Police! After
that it wasn't so simple....

Two men and a hundred
grand in loot had vanished
into thin air before her
startled eyes!

It turned out to be any-
thing but simple to locate
the **PHANTOM PIRATES**
OF THE BAY!



But in the hovering darkness nearby...

ALL RIGHT, SHRIMP! TAKE HER IN CLOSE FOR BOARDING!

OKAY, BOSS! BUT I SURE HATE TO BREAK INTO THAT HOT MUSIC!



GEE, BOSS — NICKY NIEMUS'S MUSIC SURE SENDS ME! THAT BAND OF HIS IS HOT, WHAT I MEAN!

YOU DUMB BUNION!



GET THAT DREAM OFF YOUR PUSS AND CLOSE IN! THIS IS A STICKUP, NOT A BOOGY SESSION!

OWOOO! RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!



YOU KNOW THE PLAN, SAM! SHRIMP STAYS AT THE WHEEL! YOU AND I SNATCH WHAT WE CAN AND CLEAR OUT FAST!

DUCK SOUP, BOSS! WE SCRAM — AND THEN... **BLOTTO!**



Aboard the yacht...

IT WAS SWELL OF YOU TO INVITE ME TO YOUR YACHT PARTY BILL! I HAVEN'T DANCED IN MONTHS!

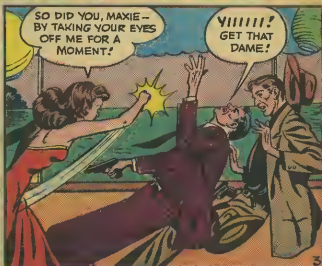
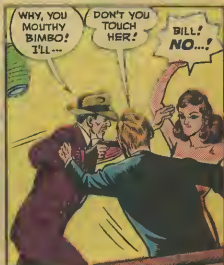
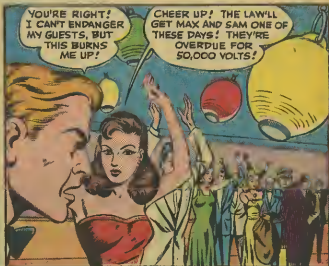
A REST FROM THAT POLICE WORK OF YOURS IS WHAT YOU NEED SALLY — AND WHAT WE NEED TOO! WE'VE MISSED YOU!

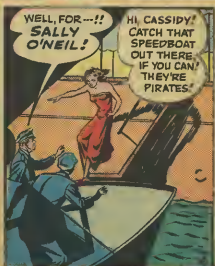
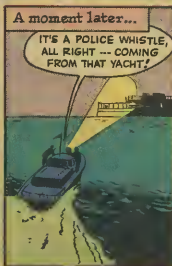
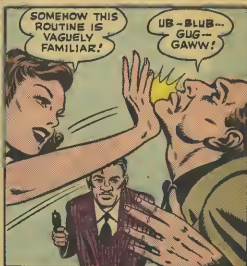


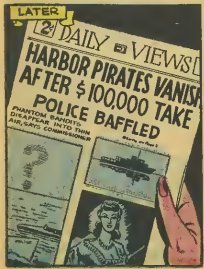
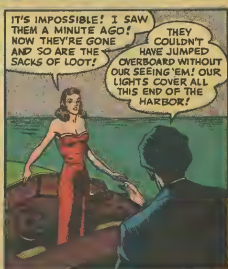
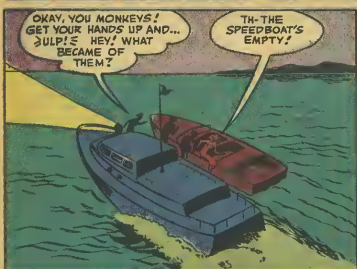
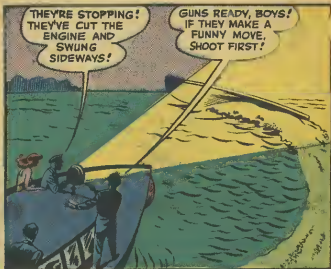
TONIGHT I **AM** RESTING! I DIDN'T EVEN BRING MY GUN.... HUH?

OKAY, EVERYBODY! THIS IS A STICKUP AND WE MEAN BUSINESS!









A few days later, as Sally takes care of ROUTINE business....

OWDOO! I GIVE UP! YER BUSTIN' MY ARM! OWITCH!

OKAY, PACKY! YOU WERE A CHUMP TO RESIST ARREST! THAT'LL ADD A COUPLE OF YEARS ONTO YOUR SENTENCE, YOU KNOW!



DON'T I KNOW IT? BUT I HADDA LOSE MY HEAD AND TRY IT ROUGH! I'M JUST NATCHERLY DUMB, I GUESS!

HMMM! YOU'RE ALSO A PAL OF MORGAN, THE BIG BLACK MARKET OPERATOR, AREN'T YOU? MAYBE I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!



BIZZ-BZZ-BIZZ! YOU DO THAT, PACKY, AND I'LL REPORT THAT YOU CAME ALONG WILLINGLY! HOW ABOUT IT?

I'LL DO IT! WHAT CAN I LOSE?



A week later...

WE GO OUT AGAIN TONIGHT, BOYS --FOR RICH PICKINGS! THERE'S ANOTHER YACHT PARTY ON!

I DUNNO, BOSS! SUPPOSE IT'S A POLICE TRAP! THEY'RE LAYING FOR US!



NOT THIS ONE! IT'S BEIN' THROWN BY ZIP MORGAN, THE BLACK MARKET KING--AND HE AIN'T PLAYING AROUND WITH COPS, YOU CAN BET!

THAT'S NO KIDDING! AND HIS CROWD'LL WEAR ENOUGH ICE TO LOAD A BARGE! WHAT A HAUL!

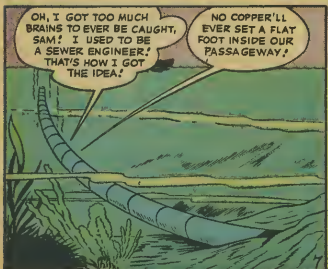
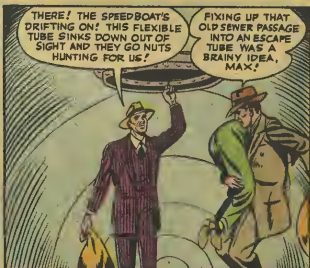
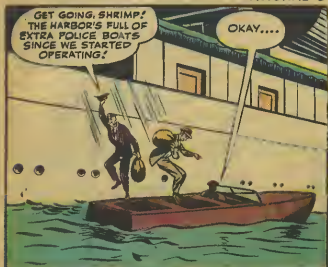


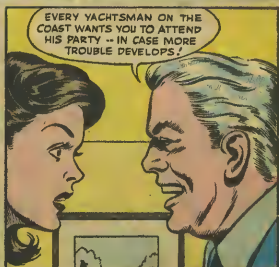
That night...

OKAY, SUCKERS! THIS IS A STICKUP! HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH AND ROCKS AND DON'T TRY TO BE HEROES!

AWRRR! TAKE IT EASY! I KNOW MAX AND HE AIN'T FOOLING!







WINDY BREEZE



LIAR

CHAMP

SLEEPIN', UNC?

NO! I'M TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET THE GARDEN PLOWED FOR PLANTING!

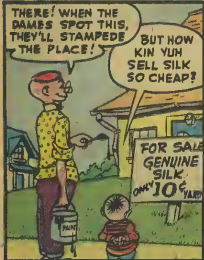


AH! I'VE GOT IT! PEEWEE, RUN AND FETCH ME A BRUSH AND SOME PAINT!



THERE! WHEN THE DAMES SPOT THIS, THEY'LL STAMPEDE THE PLACE!

BUT HOW KIN YUH SELL SILK SO CHEAP?

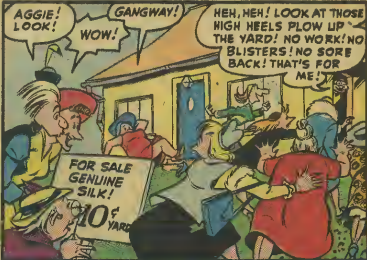


AGGIE! LOOK!

GANGWAY!

WOW!

HEH, HEH! LOOK AT THOSE HIGH HEELS PLOW UP THE YARD! NO WORK! NO BLISTERS! NO SORE BACK! THAT'S FOR ME!



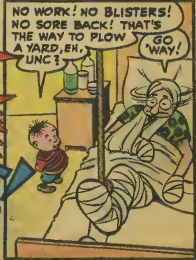
HERE Y'ARE, LADIES! DON'T CROWD! THERE'S ENOUGH SILK FOR EVERYONE! WHO'S NEXT?

SILK THREAD!



NO WORK! NO BLISTERS! NO SORE BACK! THAT'S THE WAY TO PLOW A YARD, EH, UNC?

GO 'WAY!



LA S S I E

JUDGE G.T. PUTZWILLIE, FAMOUS CHILD EXPERT, RECENTLY RETIRED FROM THE JUVENILE COURT, DECIDES TO ADDRESS THE SCHOOL CHILDREN ON THE GROWING PROBLEM OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY...

NOW, OF COURSE, I KNOW KIDDIES AS YOUNG AS YOU NEED LITTLE WARNING FROM A SCOLDY OLD CODGER LIKE MYSELF, BUT THIS, CHILDREN, I DO WANT TO SAY....

...CONSIDER ME YOUR PAL... YOUR OLDER BUDDY... UNDERSTAND?

IF YOU HAVE ANY LITTLE PROBLEMS... LITTLE WORRIES... ANY QUESTIONS AT ALL... BRING THEM TO ME AT ANY TIME!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU!

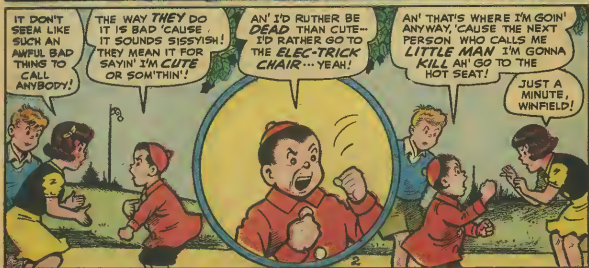
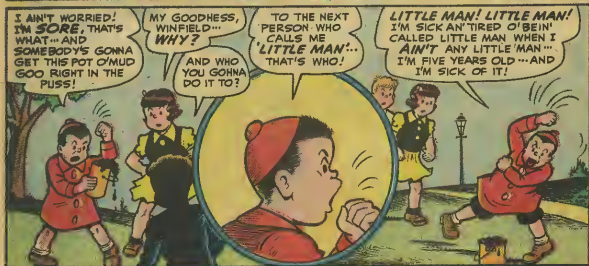
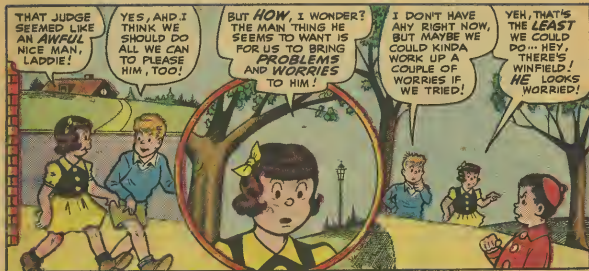
THAT'S ALL, CHILDREN!

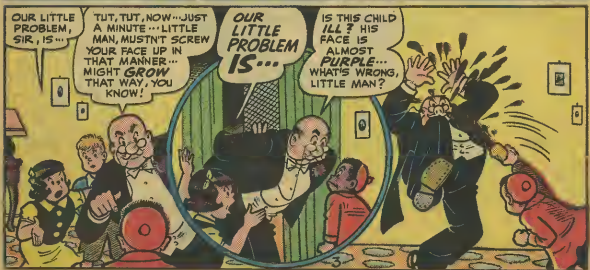
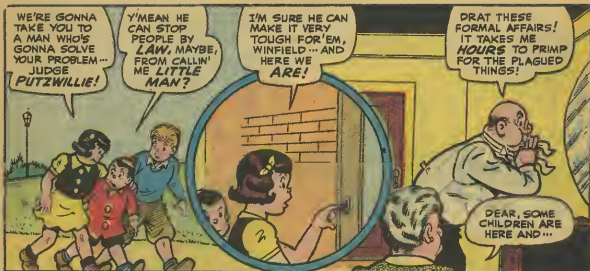
THANK YOU, JUDGE PUTZWILLIE!

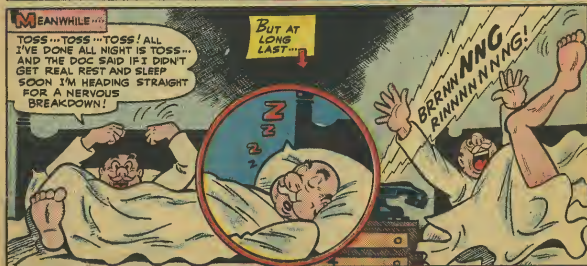
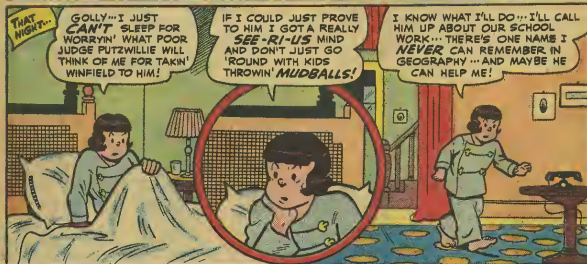
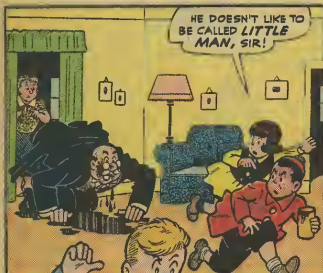
WE'LL CALL ON YOU!

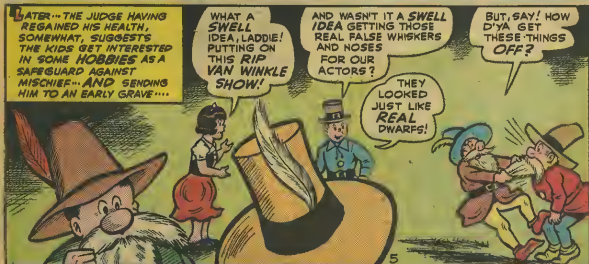
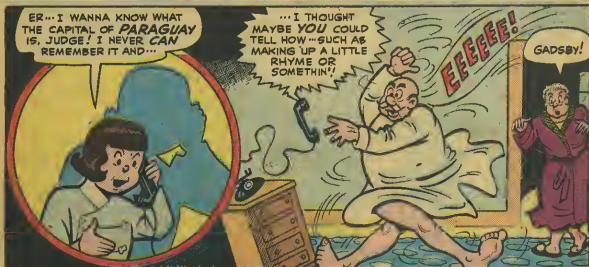
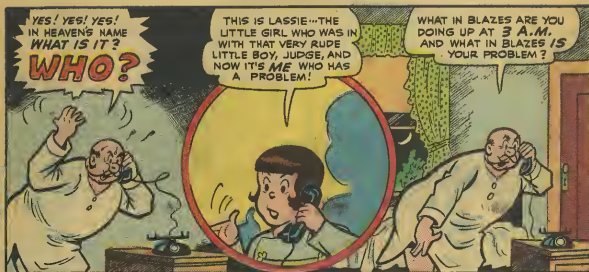
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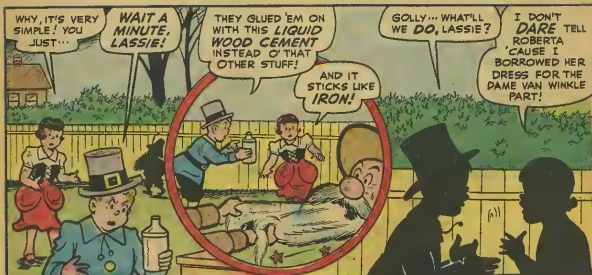
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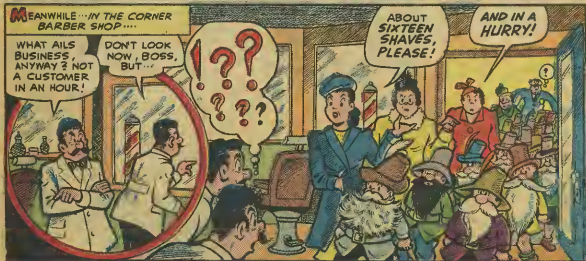
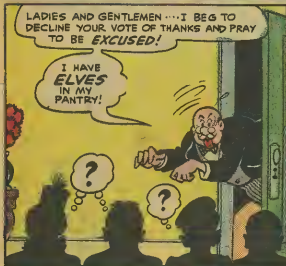
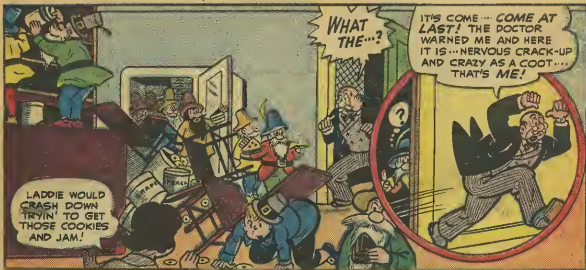






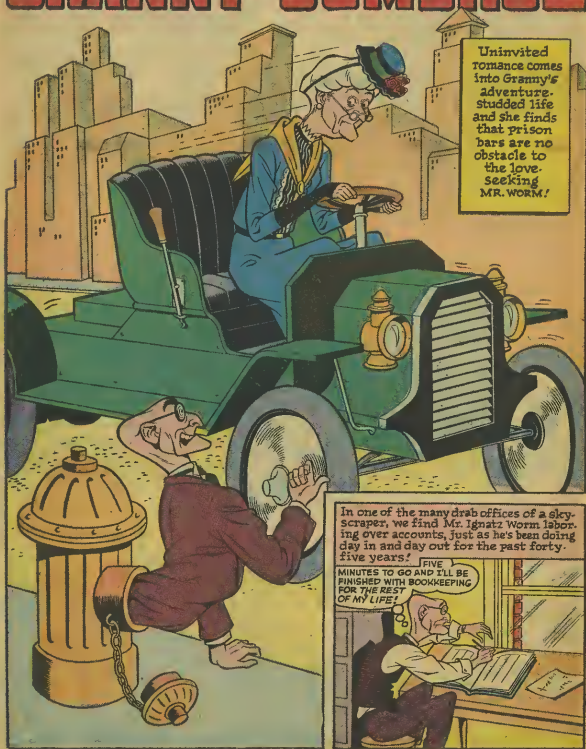






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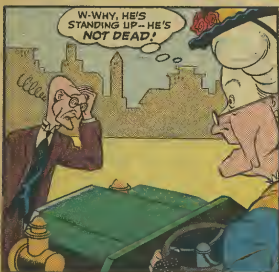
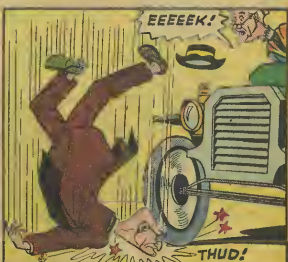
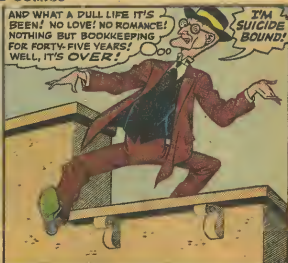
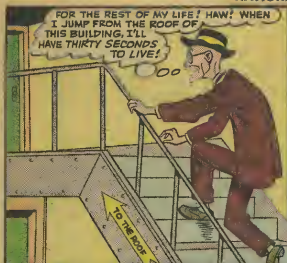
GRANNY GUMSHOE

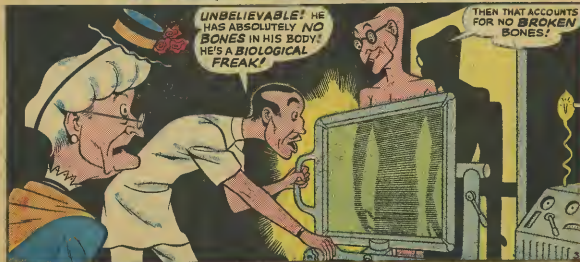
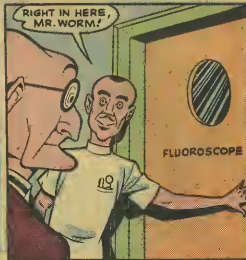
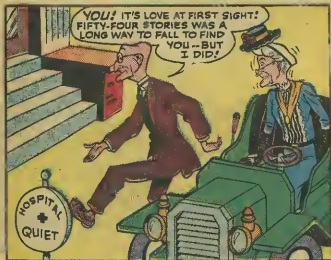
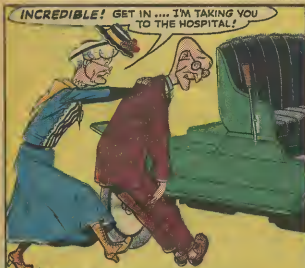


Uninvited romance comes into Granny's adventure-studded life and she finds that prison bars are no obstacle to the love-seeking MR. WORM!

In one of the many drab offices of a skyscraper, we find Mr. Ignatz Worm laboring over accounts, just as he's been doing day in and day out for the past forty-five years!

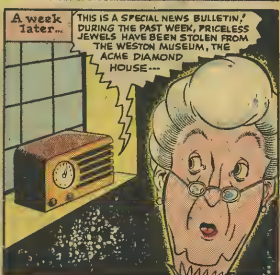
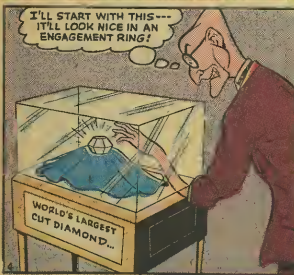
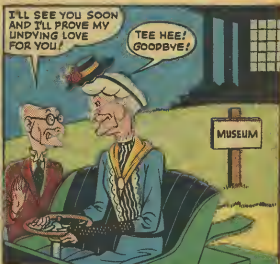
FIVE MINUTES TO GO AND I'LL BE FINISHED WITH BOOKKEEPING FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

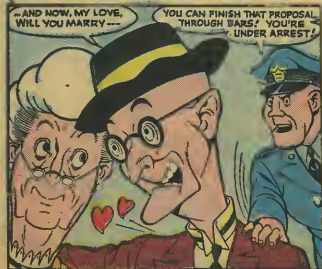
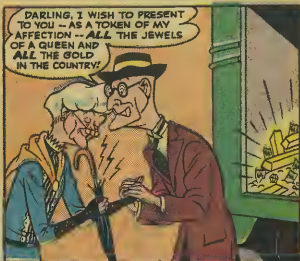
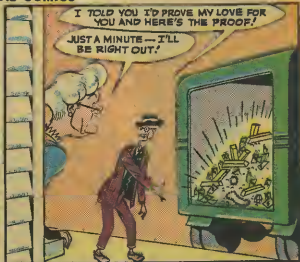
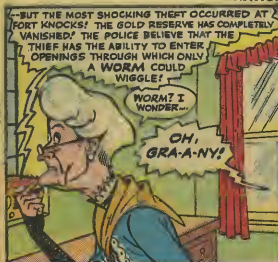






MRS. GUMSHOE, YOU CAN DROP ME OFF AT THE MUSEUM!





At seven-thirty
that night, in
Mr. Worm's cell...

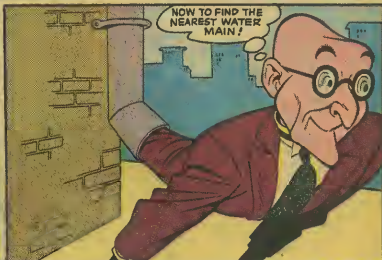
I GOT A DATE
AT EIGHT.. ♪



HUM DE DUM
DA DUM
♪

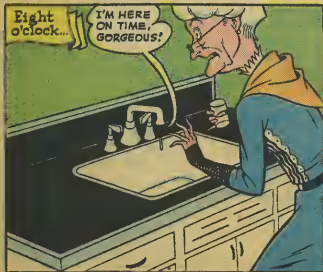


NOW TO FIND THE
NEAREST WATER
MAIN!

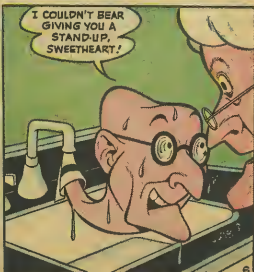


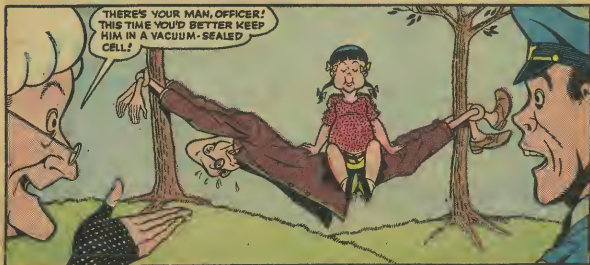
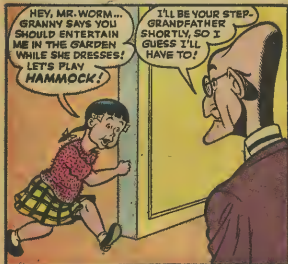
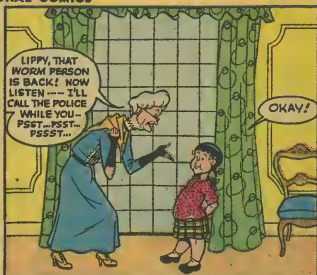
Eight
o'clock...

I'M HERE
ON TIME,
GORGEOUS!



I COULDN'T BEAR
GIVING YOU A
STAND-UP,
SWEETHEART!

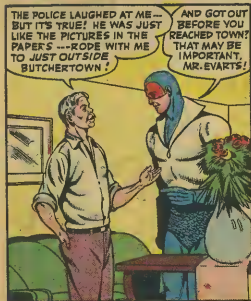
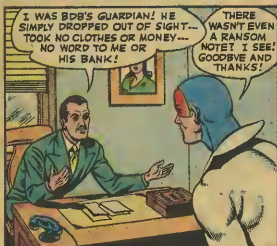
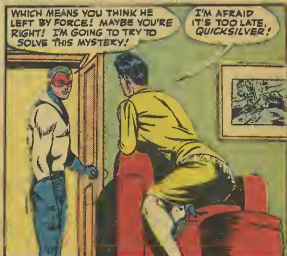


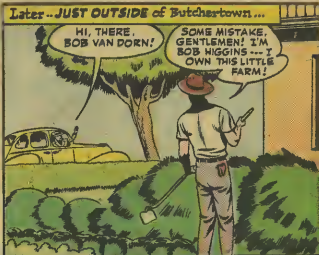


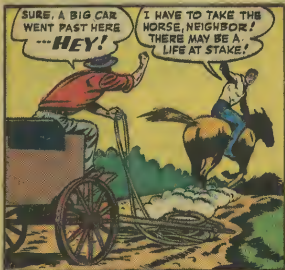


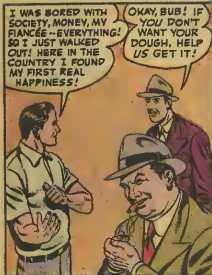
QUICKSILVER

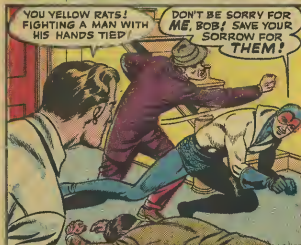


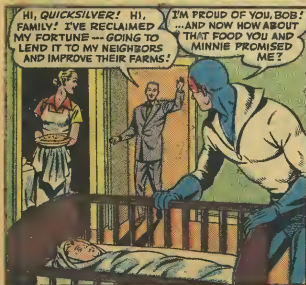
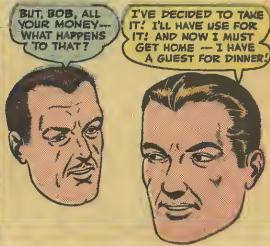












MINGOES

BREED'S LANDING was again preparing for war.

All through the great forests nature seemed to gird herself for strife. The furred and feathered creatures went warily through the dark aisles of the trees. Even the insects were hushed, as if waiting for the first blood-chilling yell.

The Creeks had hurled their hatchets into the newly planted war poles in every village west of the Allegheny. The Delawares, their proverbial enemies, had withdrawn farther north, though they knew the winter would be long and cold and the animals more scarce.

Two Mingo warriors trod through the forests, making less sound than a field mouse. They carried a very important message to the fort at Hull House. A nice reward awaited them if it were delivered safely.

They had come many miles, had these two Mingo. Their scalps were clean-shaven except for the coveted lock down the middle of their craniums. That was an Indian mark of sportsmanship, that scalp lock, a stiff tuft of hair that would serve for the enemy to lift off their hair when once the knife had snicked around their heads. An Indian who shaved his entire head was a coward, and worse!

Long Shadow, the tallest of the two Mingo, grunted when he stepped into a small clearing and a pair of deer bounded away into the brush. It showed how carefully and silently they had come upon the wary animals.

It was still a long weary march to Hull House, but the two faithful Indians knew they would make it by dawn. They had not eaten for many hours, but it would not do to halt now. They ate sparingly of the parched corn and pemmican in the leathern pouches at their girdles. Hot food and a few hours sleep at the fort would be a blessing of the Great One.

* * *

Col. Jeremy of the Royal American Rifles

was enjoying a belated breakfast in the questionable seclusion of his headquarters tent. The colonel had had a bad night. There was the matter of the forthcoming payday, and past experience had taught him that this long-awaited day was one of trouble.

"When did we have the last payday, Lieut. Conner?" he asked of the young soldier who had just stepped in.

"Nigh six months ago, sir."

The colonel nodded gloomily. "Bad. Bad. I wish the government would use some sense in these things. If they knew the headaches—"

A runner bounded into the tent and extended a folded paper to Col. Jeremy. The latter opened it hurriedly, read, and said, "Hm!"

Lieut. Conner looked expectantly.

"It's on the way," said the colonel. "It's Major Bentley's convoy—nine wagons. They arc, even now, but twenty miles away."

A fleeting smile flitted across the young lieutenant's face, to be quickly wiped away when the colonel caught him in the arc of his eyes. Conner hardly shared the opinion of the colonel as regarded payday. The boys were all broke long since; they owed much to Kinney, the tavern keeper of the fort.

* * *

Major Bentley reclined at ease in his great bouncing wagon and dreamed of Devon in the spring. How long would it be ere he saw again the green rolling hills of his native land? He wondered. This cursed wilderness! Two years now and more he had fought Indians and the billion miles of dense forests. For what?

The driver pulled up his six-hitch mule team and the lumbering wagon came to a stop. Then the major heard loud yells and cheering. He poked his head out around the canvas top. On the other side of the river he saw five ragged, bearded men dressed in grimy doeskins, each carrying a long rifle.

"Who are they?" he asked the driver.

"They be Gaunt's Rangers, sor," said that

worthy. "They been a-killin' Injuns in these here woods."

"Well, what do they want?" demanded the officer pettishly. "Let's get on with the convoy."

The driver pointed. The five ragged men were crossing the river, bolding their rifles and powder horns high above their heads. The shouting kept up. When the men reached the shore they too broke into yells—wild Indian war cries.

Major Bentley shuddered inwardly. These unkempt, unlettered, wild American scouts! They were half Indian themselves!

He stuck his head out again and scanned the evil looking five men who were plodding up the bank toward the wagons. Already jugs were being broken out. Someone was plunking a guitar. Someone else burst out in hilarious song. Soon the five scouts were absorbed in the great pack of men that comprised the convoy.

The major shouted at his driver, who had leaped to the ground. "Get on, there! Hey, where are you going, man?"

The driver paid no attention. These scouts were the men who kept the border liveable, kept the Injuns pushed back, made it possible for the frontier to live in half-way safety. No red-coated officers of His Majesty could compare.

Soon the entire wagon train was a seething mass of shouting, shooting men all set for a brawl. British officers yelled and threatened. It did no good. The Americans paid no attention. They were paying homage to five brave men of the woods.

As the day wore on, Major Bentley grew very restless. He *had* to get to Hull House! He had taken a short walk and started back toward his wagon when he saw two Indians skulking along on a high bluff across the narrow river. Spies! Vanguard of a war party! He hurried to the wagon and whispered to one of his lieutenants.

"There, near that big rock," he said, pointing. "You take the left one, I'll take the other."

They lifted their rifles. And suddenly one of the five scouts let out a yell. "Don't shoot!"

It was too late. Two roars drowned out his

words. The two Indians jumped. One of them screeched and pitched headlong over the bluff into the river. The other flopped on the bank a bit, then lay still.

Carr Gaunt, head of the scouts, ran up to the major and lieutenant.

"You fools!" he cried. "Now look what you've done! Them's Mingoes—friendly Injuns—mebbe carryin' a message to th' fort. Why didn't you ast me 'fore ye shot?"

Major Bentley drew himself up. "Ask you!" he almost gasped. "Who are you to talk to me like that?"

Carr Gaunt drew back and would have struck the officer if one of his men hadn't grabbed his arm.

"I'll larn ye who I am!" cried the irate Ranger leader. "When it comes to Injuns in these here woods, everybody takes orders frum me!"

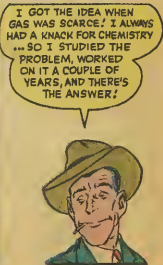
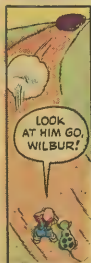
The major was too stunned to answer. Gaunt and his men took their leave, and there was much muttering among the men after they had gone. The woodsmen knew Gaunt was right, the officer wrong. The Indians would retaliate for the death of the two Mingoes.

They arrived at Hull House in due time and the King's pay was doled out to the men. The usual fights and brawls followed. Nine men were flogged, two hanged for the murder of a dragoon. It was just as it always had been come payday.

What the message was the Mingoes were carrying nobody knew until it was too late. While the entire fort was in an uproar, with most of the men drunk, a vast horde of Iriquois attacked, led by several war chiefs of the Mingoes. They had quickly learned of the dastardly deaths of the messengers. Now, with the Mingoes on the war path, there would be the devil to pay.

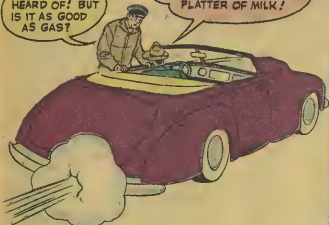
It was only through the good work of Gaunt and his men that the Mingoes were drawn off, together with the Iriquois, before the entire fort was reduced to nothing. At that more than a hundred of the King's men had been slaughtered, and several buildings burnt.

Major Bentley said nothing when confronted by the tribunal headed by Gaunt. He had learned his lesson . . . almost too late.



BY GOLLY, THAT'S THE MOST AMAZING THING I EVER HEARD OF! BUT IS IT AS GOOD AS GAS?

GOOD? JUST LISTEN TO THAT MOTOR--- PURRING LIKE A KITTEN WITH A PLATTER OF MILK!



I GET TWENTY GALLONS TO EACH CAPSULE! I CAN SEE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, SO WHY NOT TRY IT FOR YOURSELF?



OF COURSE, THIS IS STRICTLY PRIVATE! I DIDN'T INTEND TO LET IT OUT BEFORE I GOT MY PATENTS FROM WASHINGTON, BECAUSE IT'LL PROBABLY REVOLUTIONIZE THE WHOLE GASOLINE INDUSTRY! BUT I CAN LET YOU HAVE ABOUT FIFTY CAPSULES!



GEE, THAT'S SWELL OF YOU! BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT THEM AS A GIFT! I FEEL THAT I SHOULD PAY SOMETHING FOR THEM!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PAL! YOU CAN PAY ME A DOLLAR A CAPSULE! AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU YOU'LL TRIPLE YOUR MONEY, CONSIDERING TWENTY GALLONS TO EACH CAPSULE!



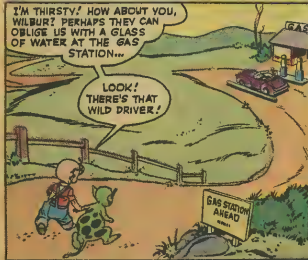
WELL, THAT'S...ER... KINDA HIGH! I--ER-- WAS THINKIN'--- UH--- GULP

KINDA HIGH?... THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY INVENTION IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY...AND IT'S HIGH? ARE YOU GOING TO PASS UP YOUR CHANCE AND BE SORRY LATER?



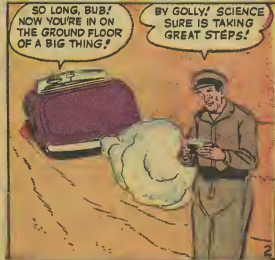
I'M THIRSTY! HOW ABOUT YOU, WILBUR? PERHAPS THEY CAN OBLIGE US WITH A GLASS OF WATER AT THE GAS STATION...

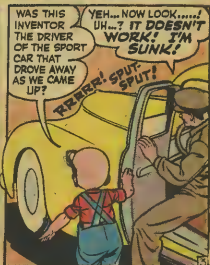
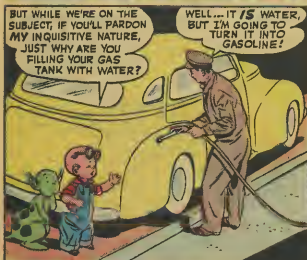
LOOK! THERE'S THAT WILD DRIVER!



SO LONG, BUB! NOW YOU'RE IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF A BIG THING!

BY GOLLY! SCIENCE SURE IS TAKING GREAT STEPS!





BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! Δ GULP I-I--SAW HIM DO IT! I SAW IT!



PERHAPS BUT THE HAND IS SOME-TIMES QUICKER THAN THE EYE! IT MAY HAVE BEEN A CLEVER BIT OF SLEIGHT-OF-HAND! MAY I SEE ONE OF THE CAPSULES?



HMM! Δ SNIFF Δ HMM! WHY THEY'RE PLAIN ORDINARY MOTH BALLS! YOU'VE BEEN SWINDELED OUT OF YOUR FIFTY DOLLARS... YOU'D BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE!

NO, DON'T CALL ANYBODY!... I'D PASS FOR A BIGGER SAP THAN I FEEL! Δ GULP I'D RATHER STAND THE LOSS!



IT'S A SMART TRICK, ALL RIGHT!... A SUCKER CAN'T EVEN SQUAWK! BUT MAYBE I'LL MEET THAT MUG...



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT DON'T LOSE HOPE! WE MAY YET TRACK HIM DOWN! SORRY I CAN'T STAY LONGER, BUT WHEN WE'RE IN TOWN, WE'LL MAKE A FEW INQUIRIES!



THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO WORK ON, EXCEPT A MOTH BALL! AND THAT'S A PRETTY SLIM CLUE!



Some time later...

DRUGS

ANYWAY, WE CAN TRY! I'LL DROP INTO A FEW OF THE LOCAL DRUG STORES AND PRETEND TO BE LOOKING FOR THAT TYPE OF MOTH BALL! PERHAPS WE MAY UNEARTH SOME FACTS!



SORRY, KID! WE DON'T HAVE THIS PARTICULAR KIND OF MOTH BALL BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE!



NO, THANKS! I WANTED JUST THAT KIND!

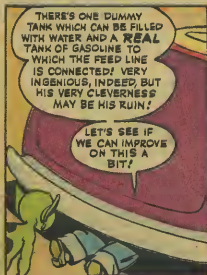
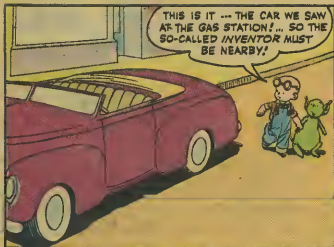
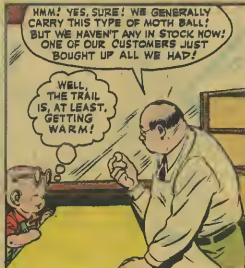
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! LET'S CHECK HERE!

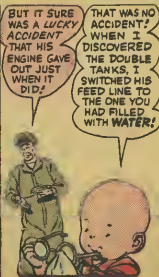
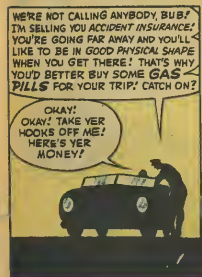
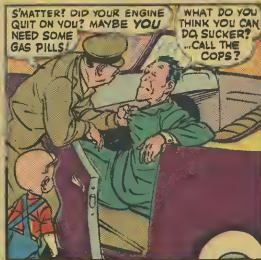
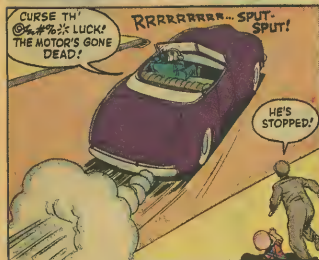


NOPE, SONNY, WE NEVER CARRIED THAT BRAND OF MOTH BALLS!



THANK YOU VERY MUCH! COME, WILBUR! THIS IS GOING TO BE LIKE FINDING THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK!





Steve Wood



SHAKE HANDS WITH TERROR!

Steve Wood, the waterfront detective, will do that any day for the sake of justice, profit -- or just for the sake of ADVENTURE!

Steve Wood has received a letter-- just like any other letter, to judge from the ENVELOPE --but...

HMMM! TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF, SALLY! I'LL BE GONE!

GONE, STEVE? WHERE? IS ANYTHING WRONG?



NOTHING WRONG--YET! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! SECRETARIES ARE SUPPOSED TO KNOW THE ANSWERS, ANYWAY!

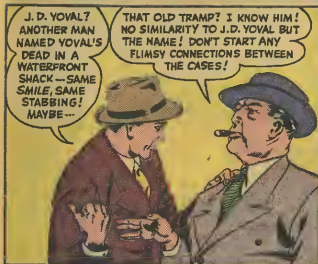
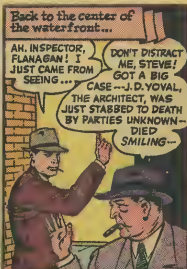
IF ONLY I KNEW THE ANSWERS TO YOUR WAY OF DOING THINGS!



Far beyond the busy section of the waterfront...

YOU AT HOME IN THERE, MR. YOVAL? I GOT YOUR NOTE AND CAME AT ONCE!





In exclusive Breezeway Terrace...



YES, WHO IS IT?

MY NAME'S STEVE WOOD! I WANT TO SPEAK TO LENORE YOVAL!

THE SERVANTS ARE HAVING THE DAY OFF, AND I MUST ASK YOU ---

STEVE WOOD'S THE NAME, I SAY! I'M A DETECTIVE, AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S BECOMING OF THE YOVALS!

OH! COME IN, MR. ---



YOVAL? I KNOW THERE'S AN ARCHITECT BY THAT NAME, BUT HE'S NO RELATION---

THANKS! BUT YOVAL'S AN UNUSUAL NAME --- ESPECIALLY FOR **TWO** CORPSES IN ONE DAY!

DRINK... STEVE?



TWO CORPSES? SO MR. ARCHITECT YOVAL'S DEAD --- BUT I'M THE ONLY OTHER YOVAL IN TOWN AND I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE!

THERE WAS A THIRD-- AN OLD SHANTY-MAN DOWN THE BEACH! HE'S VERY MUCH DEAD!



HE WROTE ME A NOTE WHICH SAID, "COME, OR **THE YOVALS WILL BE WIPED OUT!**" HE WAS DEAD WHEN I GOT THERE!

I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM! WHAT CONNECTION COULD THERE POSSIBLY BE?



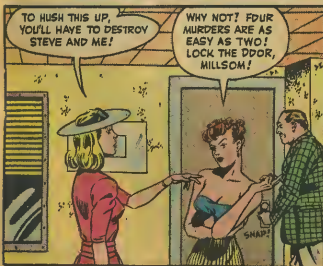
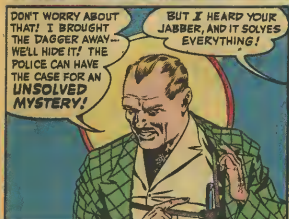
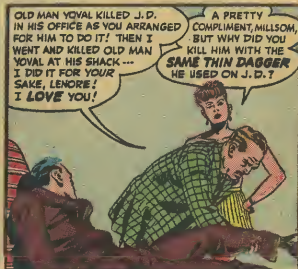
IF TWO YOVALS DIED BY THE SAME METHOD, PERHAPS ----- I FEEL FAINT!

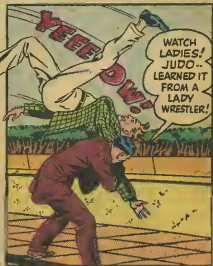
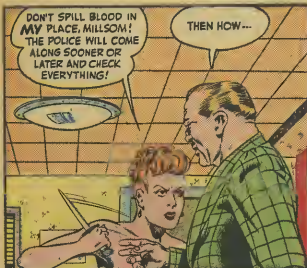
REALLY? COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE DRINK?

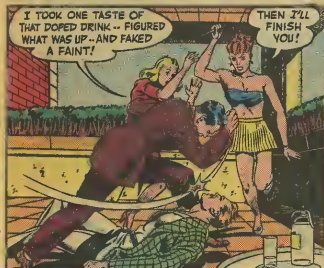


ALL RIGHT, MILLSOM! HE'S QUIETED DOWN!









Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT NO. 1 - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS

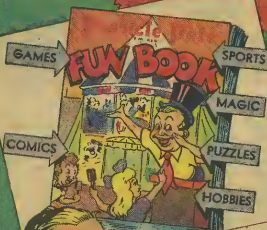
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GENUINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED" CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE



**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY**
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPORATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE" FUN BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS, PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ, LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

EXTRA FREE PRIZE CATALOG

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE" FUN BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

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Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



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HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, busier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Fun easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvellous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3304, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



Charles Atlas
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3304
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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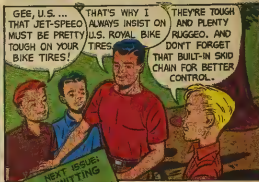
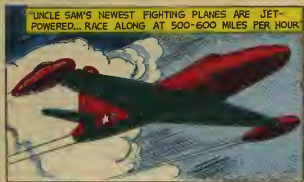
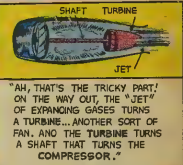
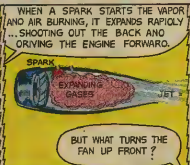
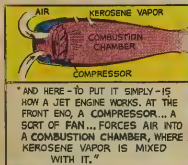
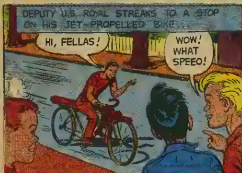
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